

# The Pocahontas Times.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, May 19, 1904.

\$2.00 a Year

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
Dentist,

MONTEREY, VA.  
Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

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This company will furnish bonds  
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## BENEFICENCE OF A BEAR

### RESCUES A DROWNING BOY

#### Whom He Had Scared Into the Water.

While gathering ramps for the evening's frugal repast, Mrs. John Strothers had an experience which would well nigh put another woman with less reserve nerve power into hysterics or even her grave. She had taken along her little son, a boy three years old, and left him at the foot of an immense pine a regular forest monarch, while she hunted the succulent bulb which constituted the chief article of diet for the little community of forest dwellers on Bug Run during the scarce season of April and May. The boy differed much from the average five year old. He was being reared in the woods a days journey from even such household commodities as a wash board or a glass dish, and at this tender age knew about as much as he would ever learn. For generations his people had taken upon themselves the responsibilities of married life at the age of fifteen or sixteen and sometimes a year or so earlier. What they did not instinctively know was never taught them, and at five years of age little Jim Strothers could take care of himself about as well as the buck fawn which in general makeup he somewhat resembled. Instead of the chubby limbs and trustful eye of childhood as we know it the boys leg was naught but skin and bone and his eye had the look of the hunted animal. When his mother left him at the foot of the tree he lay quiet, toying with the strings of the back sack which lay near.

The breaking of a stick caused him to look up but he made not a move, even when his gaze encountered the glare of an immense bear, which the mother had disturbed in his quest for grub among the rolling logs beside the creek. The boy lay still, knowing as does the partridge that the chances of being seen are lessened if no move is made. More than likely the bear would have passed the back sack which he proceeded to investigate. The boy bro e cover with the suddenness of a flushed pheasant and made off through the woods, fear lending wings to his legs. Intuitively he followed a runaway invariably used by deer, when driven off the mountain for miles around.

The mother returned just in time to see the bear give chase to her little son who was fast making in the direction of deep pool in the river a mile or so distant—and recognized the animal to be the dread of the sheep ranges in the hackings twenty miles across the mountain and at whose door was laid the disappearance of a child from the settlement who had become lost in the woods the season before and of whom no trace was ever found.

With despairing heart she followed as best she could, expecting any moment to hear the despairing wail of her eldest born as he was hugged to death by the bear.

The boy reached the river a few rods in the lead of the bear and plunged from the high bank into the deep water, and was soon struggling to keep his head above water. The forest man who can swim is the exception, the streams are shallow and cold, and they have an inherent dread of water anyway, and their children are not taught to swim as they are to hunt and fish. Having escaped the bear only to die by drowning, the boy gave up his fight for existence and ceased his struggles but in his last moments of consciousness when death seemed nearest he felt himself borne from the icy waters by strong arms and wondered in his baby mind if that was death.

The mother came to the open ing in time to see the immense bear lift her son tenderly from

the water and in his strong arms tear him to the shore and lay him tenderly upon a grassy bank, and then lope off into the forest shade.

With little show of feeling the thankful mother shook her son to consciousness, returned for her budget of ramps and went home to prepare the evening meal.

Around the campfire that night was told the story of the boy's remarkable escape and the hunters identified the bear as one which had been taken while a cub and reared up in captivity over in the settlement, whose playfellow was a little boy at the cross roads.

The bear had learned from his little companion grew old, and left him in his crib and kept him from being disturbed while he slept. The boy had died and the bear pined for his playmate until he went bad, broke his chain and went to the woods.

He had grown to an immense size, knew a trap wherever he saw one and killed every dog that was put on his trail, but he ever remembered the little boy that was good to him and shared with him as a cub. In remembrance of the dead little boy he wished to make friends with the little forest boy, whom he scared into the river, and afterwards saved from drowning.

And old Eph, the patriarch of the community of forest dwellers on Bug Run, decreed that the big bear that ranged on the watershed of Bug Run and Big Run should not be hunted, and that no hunter should make a bear trap from thenceforth lest the big bear should suffer thereby, for while the forest people are fast to resent a wrong, a favor is never forgotten.

A minister in a certain city said: "My brethren, the collection will now be taken for my expenses for a trip, for I am going away for my health. The more I receive the longer I can stay." The largest collection ever made in that church was taken. And now the question under discussion is whether the size of the collection was a compliment to the preacher or much the reverse.

Parties producing milk or butter will do well to try the maize feed, sold by J. W. Warrick, Edray. This is the celebrated Manitoba maize feed which has such a large sale throughout Canada and the west. It certainly is a big producer of milk and butter. For working or driving horses it has no equal and the cheapest ever sold on the market.

Do not rub your clothes to pieces and your life away over an old washboard, when you can get a 1900 washer at Marlinton Furniture Co.'s that washes lace curtains without breaking a thread and carpets with ease.

A Good Investment.

Money invested in good furniture pays a dividend in comfort. Comfort makes a smiling contented happy wife, and children that are proud of their home, Marlinton Furniture Co. has the furniture, why not invest now?

A Mean Swindle.

A canceled postage stamp bearing the head of Washington is all that a number of citizens in Morgantown, this State, and vicinity, have to show for dollars that have gone in answer to a cleverly written advertisement, in which an offer is made "to close out a slightly damaged lot of engravings, originally issued by the United government, we will send you a beautiful popular likeness of Washington for \$1." The Dominion says that perhaps fifty persons thoughtlessly enclosed a dollar and were caught. After considerable delay each victim received a small envelope containing a canceled two-cent stamp, neatly wrapped in wax paper. The stamp was probably the same one purchased at the local office and used in forwarding the dollar to the swindler.

## Reunion at Lewisburg

The thirty-sixth anniversary of the reunion on Monday, May 23, the anniversary of their first action at Lewisburg, the scene of his capture.

The regimental organization has made arrangements for a big day on that occasion, and the veterans are given to all participants in the fight, on either side, to co-operate and participate with them in the festivities.

The people of Lewisburg have promised them a welcome no less cordial, though very much less strenuous than the one given in 1863. The railroad has granted excursion rates, and a delightful time is anticipated by those who have made up their minds to attend.

U S Court for Lewisburg.

Hon. Joseph H. Gaines, Congressman from the 3rd district, has succeeded in having a bill passed by Congress for the holding of a term of the Federal Circuit and District courts for the Southern District of West Virginia, at Lewisburg on the second Tuesday in February. The bill having passed both Houses of Congress, received the approval of the President, on the 28th of April, and is now a law, Lewisburg is to be congratulated, after a long time, in securing what it has been endeavoring to obtain.

An Isthmian Puzzle.

The Panama Canal Commissioners are now asking pertinent questions concerning the most important project before the civilized world. Here is a puzzle for all Americans who have not heard it before: "How far east of the city of Panama, on the Pacific, is the city of Colon, on the Caribbean?" The usual answer is, "About forty miles," or the length of the canal, which is just forty-two miles long. Colon being two miles west of Panama instead of forty miles east. Question No. 2: "What is the general direction of the canal?" The answer will be, "East and west," which is precisely wrong, as it is north and south.

24 Tons of Gold Melted.

Twelve tons of gold were on Monday reduced to a molten state at the United States Mint in Philadelphia. At the same time the coinage department began the work of converting the mass into golden eagles.

Tuesday 12 more tons were melted, and within a few days about \$12,000,000 will be coined. Most of the gold came from New York in bullion.

The melting of 12 tons of gold in one day is said to break all records for mint melting.

Convention Called.

I. D. Hume, Alex Knight, J. G. Kesler, S. F. Sampson, Sam'l Workman, J. M. Rodgers, W. H. Vallandigham, W. O. Thompson, N. S. Marquis and J. W. Graves published in the West Virginia News of last week a call for another Republican convention to be held at Ronceverte, at 1 p. m. on Friday, the 20th inst., "to take such action as shall then be deemed advisable to undo, condemn and prevent, for the future, the fraud so easily practiced upon us in the recent convention."

The call denounces in unmeasured terms the action and methods of the convention on the 19th ult., and calls upon all Republicans who believe in fair play to meet with the signers of the call on the day appointed.

A suit asking for \$100,000 has been brought against the Deepwater Railway Company in Fayette county by D. H. Motter & Company, railway contractors. The construction company had a contract for the building of 10 miles of grade which they sublet to parties who failed. The railway then took the work and completed it, settlement being made on the railroad's engineer's estimate for \$120,000.

## Wentz's Body Found.

The body of young Wentz, the millionaire lumber and mine operator of Wise county, has been found and identified. He disappeared mysteriously on October 14, and though a search has been carried on ever since by a party at times numbering a thousand men, little or no trace could be found of him. There were any number of rumors and conjectures concerning his fate. It was reported at one time he was being held for ransom in some of the mountain fastnesses of the Black Mountains. A bearded mountaineer rode into Big Stone Gap and offered to restore the missing man upon the payment of \$25,000. Detectives were put on the mountain trail but they lost all trace of him in the mountains. At one time the aggregate reward offered for Wentz amounted to over \$100,000. The body, when found by a miner who was looking for a cow, lay but a few steps from a roadside over which the searchers had passed daily and was but a short distance from where his horse had been found on the day of his disappearance. The underbrush had recently been cleared away by a forest fire, and exposed the body to view. The remains were readily recognized to be those of the missing man by the various articles of clothing and certain papers. A pistol with several empty chambers was found beside the body, giving the impression that the young man had come by death at his own hands. This was the verdict of the coroner's jury. A number of teeth had been knocked out and there was a bullet hole through his heart.

Wentz was a member of an old Philadelphia family who inherited 150,000 acres of timber and mineral land in Wise county, Virginia. It was one of those old surveys so often found in the two Virginias which had been taken up as a whole at some early day and later settled upon and entered in smaller tracts. Wentz had established his claim to the land and made extensive developments, opening mines and manufacturing the timber. The mountaineers have ever looked upon this as encroaching upon their rights and promised him a sudden death whenever an opportunity presented. Last fall Wentz set about to rid his lands of these squatters and demanded they pay him a nominal rent for the use of the ground. This was refused and rifles were loaded more carefully than before. A still was raided at the instance of Wentz, and in the ensuing fight a mountaineer and a number of revenue officers killed and wounded. Vengeance was sworn against Wentz and within a few short weeks he disappeared, and for six long months not a trace could be found of him. The family and friends are fully convinced that Wentz went down before the rifle of some mountaineer who believed his rights to have been trampled upon, and detectives are again at work trying to ferret out the mystery, which like a thousand mysteries of the woods and her people will remain unsolved until even the sea has given up her dead.

Lightner-Moore.

Wednesday 11th of May 1904, near noon, in the parlor of Infamonte cottage, West Marlinton, a very quietly arranged marriage took place when John Emmett Lightner of Bath County, Va. and Miss Etta Moore recently of Poage's Lane vicinity, were united in holy matrimony, W. T. Price officiating.

The groom is a son of the late J. M. Lightner, Esq., Abilene, Texas, and is a much respected young business man, for several years in the employ of B. A. Gwin, Warm Springs, Va.

The bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Hannah Moore, Poage's Lane, relict of the late Wm. D. Moore of Elk, and is a much esteemed young person.

A large circle of relatives and friends sincerely wish these young people, all the prosperity and happiness that a happy marriage implies.

## DOWN THE LINE

### ON A MINISTERIAL JAUNT.

Rev. Wm. T. Price Writes of a Recent Visit Down the Railway.

At Edwin Beard's quiet and pleasant home I found sweet repose for Sabbath night.

Monday morning at the hour for morning devotions the Psalm was read in which the singing of the birds, the falling of the showers, the springing and the growing verdure of the pastures clothed with flocks and fields of corn are referred to as tokens of the Creator's presence and providential favors.

A few hours were passed at the home of the late lamented Col. George S. McNeel with his sorrowing household. It was cheering to find how well all was with the family and how gently God is dealing with the bereaved as the weeks pass by.

Early in the afternoon it was my plan, to climb the Davis Poage hill from which there is a picturesque outlook that takes in the Little Levels. To be appreciated this must be seen and ample time allowed. In making the ascent I passed excavations that were made when material was quarried here for walls more than a hundred years ago. The rock being near the surface and having down hill to move it on to where it was wanted it was readily understood why such excavations should have been made on the slopes of the hill. Without fatigue I gained the summit, the moonshine sod, soft and springy like a hair cushion beneath the footstep.

But a few minutes after reaching the tree on the apex and while in the act of viewing the charming cyclorama I heard in the direction of the Droop Mountain battlefield what seemed like sounds of distant artillery and I saw showery clouds in motion and so it became prudent to make for the nearest dwelling which was the old historic Poage mansion.

It would require many pages of this paper, The Times, to record the memories suggested by this spot and perhaps their rehearsal would not be of any special interest to any one but myself.

It was here I first saw Dr. McIlhenny, the heroic veteran of a thousand gospel victories in Monroe, Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Near here I heard him read for the first time the gospel battle hymn which he could so well impersonate and emphasize.

"Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on,  
March to the gates of endless joy  
Where Jesus thy great captain's gone.

"Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,  
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,  
And sang the triumph as he rose."

In the fields around and in the midnight solitude of the lower room of this antiquated dwelling Samuel Davies Poage with flowing tears and earnest prayers wrestled with his sins and doubts and fears.

From this place almost a hundred years ago a wave of revival impulse swept over the valley of Virginia and the eastern regions adjacent.

About four in the afternoon the thunders became silent, the clouds seemed lifted up and the rain gently subsided and after a short tramp I reached the place where Mr. and Mrs. Alvir Clark have their home, along with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sydenstricker and their children Anne and Polly. Here were spent more than twenty enjoyable hours before leaving

## for the Burnside flagging station.

The little girls can play and sing quite a number of sacred melodies in a very attractive and impressive manner. In listening to them it was easy to recall what the Blessed Redeemer said about perfecting praise and why it should speak in the manner He did about the children gathered at the temple in Jerusalem, the city of peace.

From this home to the new and prosperous premises that Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Clark are so successfully spending their lives in building up. The walk over the fields is brief and attractive. Thence to Burnside all is gently sloping to the railway station.

Tom Sydenstricker and I found ourselves just an hour too soon for the train on schedule time.

For awhile the gyration and screams of a fish hawk occupied our attention. Soon after its disappearance up the river, the sounds of a coming storm were ominous violence and quickly the falling rain drove us to shelter near a ninety thousand foot stack of sawed chestnut lumber intended for the manufacture of burial caskets and coffins. This gruesome shelter was suggestive of a talk about the act in the Edenic garden that opened the way for death and all the woes that grievous humanity, this pile of lumber thus being one of the suggestive incidents. Upon reviewing the incidents that transpired in the garden and reflecting upon the deplorable consequences of eating as an act of disobedience, we seemed to be mutually impressed with the opinion that partaking of the sacramental bread and wine, as an act of obedience must imply results of corresponding importance in their bearing on human relations to the Lord of the Universe and in this way the sacramental service must be the most important in its significance, of any service that may or can be in reach of human endeavor. Whenever such a service is intelligently considered, it really becomes the most awe inspiring, as well as the most hope inspiring of all transactions between man and his creator. We were interrupted in our talk by the locomotive whistle. Tom took his place on the track pulled out an old white envelope out of his vest pocket, "flagged the train" a puff and then a toot of recognition and soon with a pull and a push I was on the rear car.

Quite a number of passengers were recognized in a few minutes and if I were to write all that might be written a book would have to be prepared.

One was a gentleman well known by the teachers of Pocahontas a few years since as a frequent instructor of the public school institutes.

Some have thrilling remembrance as to how he made a tearful confession of having attended previous meetings bringing with him generous supplies of "red liquor" and how he would take his young friends to retired places and treat them to the overjoyful stuff, and "what a good time," so called they would have.

With remorseful regrets he would now ask their forgiveness

and plead for the divine mercy and forbearance for such atrocious violence of a most sacred trust and with the help of Almighty God all should be so different hereafter.

Kiester was soon called out and once the mind recalled the tragic scenes enacted there not so very long since. A venerable man seeing a female relative treated unbecomingly by a sparkling tough, remonstrated and tried to protect her from becoming a "soiled dove." This was resented to the death and that fatherly man of such pure and noble impulses sleeps in his grave somewhere near Kiester after bleeding and dying a martyr's death for purity and virtue.

Though his grave may become unknown, yet from the ground his blood cries for vengeance. Sooner or later the Prince of the Kings of the earth will appear and take his great power and avenge with eternal fire which is the vilest of all wrongs against God and humanity.

I missed the presence of the genial flagman Charley Boone, but I found out while at Ronceverte what it all meant. Over his cottage home an unseen winged messenger was hovering to lead a suffering dying wife and mother to her home beyond.

Upon reaching Ronceverte, one almost wished he had a dozen grip sacks so as to give each porter something to carry, as they appeared so anxious to have something to do. As I had but one grip and as the Hon. J. M. Price was in evidence with his buggy and spirited brown horse, I turned out to be of little consequence to the staff of porters, and lack drivers, however useful they may be in their important services to the travelling public, in general.

Having the ex-mayor of Ronceverte and his son Captain Oscar, a veteran of the Spanish war, to care for me, it goes without saying that my stay in Ronceverte would seem a charming dream had it not been for the "needles and pins" in one of my knees.

This made ascending and descending steps such a getting up and getting down stairs as I never did so.

Right in front of the church where Presbytery met, and across the street near the manse is the home of Capt. Gill. As I looked at his cosy home with its flowers and the little green yard, where he passes his time when off duty, up and down the Greenbrier Valley, I wondered to myself, who is it that would not like to be a railway official. Spending the day amid the beautiful scenery of the Greenbrier Valley and the evenings at this quiet retreat.

Saturday morning I took the back for Lewisburg. There was something new and exhilarating about the rollings and bumpings of the ponderous vehicle with an entire seat to myself to lean and sway from side to side, as rut after rut was entered into and emerged from and chuck hole after chuck hole was sounded and sidling after sidling was driven over as the carrier distributed the way mail.

The home where David Creigh lived and which next to heaven was the dearest place in his thoughts, ere he suffered a martyr's death for home and purity, beyond the eastern mountains, absorbed my imagination so fully that for the time being I became virtually oblivious and did not arouse from my reveries until reaching the Lewisburg post office, when with dashed surprise I found I had lost my satchel.

Are you aware

In the course of a year, the balance wheel of your watch makes 157,680,000 revolutions!

Just Think Of It!

In time the oil gums, produces friction, and wears the delicate bearings, destroying their high finish and perfect fit, thus ruining an accurate time piece.

Will You Thus Ruin Yours?

An ordinary machine is oiled daily. Your watch should be cleaned and oiled at least once a year. Let us examine it, an honest opinion from us will cost you nothing. Should it need cleaning, we can apply the remedy in a skillful manner. Should it need other repairs we are prepared to make them.

Last, but not least, our prices are reasonable, our work honest and our guarantee lived up to.

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